

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleue it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you haue it.

Sur. Now all my ioy

Trace the Coniunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King

Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?

The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeius,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,

And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Nor. But my Lord

When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: Shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princess Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s

A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him

For it, an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leau me a while.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: He no *Anne Bullen* for him,
There's more in't then faire Vilage. *Bullen*?
No, we'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbrooke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May he heares the King

Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?

A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistis Mistis? The Queenes, Queene?

This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,

Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous

And well deseruing? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to

Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of

Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp

An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one

Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,

And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Seede.

Sur. I would 'twere something y' would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue

Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,

There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The feuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Household, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subiect.

Nor. It's Heauens will,

Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Louell, who goes

to the Cardinall.

Car. Heaven forgive me, but I should not
Euer God blesse your Highnesse, should not I?

King. Good my Lord,

You are full of Heauenly stufte, and beare the Inuentory
Of your best Graces in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue scarce time

To steale from Spirituall lectures, a briefe span

To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that

I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad

To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,

For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time

To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which

I beare i'th' State; and Nature does require

Her times of preservation, which perforce

I her fraile sonne, among't my Brethren mortall,

Must giue my tendance to.

King. You haue said well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoke together,

(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,

With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said agen,

And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,

And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,

He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne

His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,

I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone

Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,

But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow

My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increafe this businesse.

King. Haue I not made you

The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,

If what I now pronounce, you haue found true?

And if you may confesse it, say withall

If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces

Show'd on me daily, haue bene more then could

My studied purposes requite, which went

Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,

Haue euer come too short of my Desires,

Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends

Haue bene mine so, that euermore they pointed

To'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and

The profit of the State. For your great Graces

Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndefeuer) I

Cannoth render but Allegiant thanks,

My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie

Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,

Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd:

A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is

Therein illustrated, the Honor of it

Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary

The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,

That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,

My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more

On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bend of duty,
As'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe,

That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd

More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be

(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,

And throw it from their Soule, though perils did

Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and

Appare in formes more horrid yet my Duty,

As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,

Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,

And stand vnshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,

For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,

And after this, and then to Breakfast with

What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles

throng after him smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this meane?

What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?

He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine

Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon

Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:

Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:

I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:

This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis'th' Accompt

Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together

For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,

And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!

Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell

Made me put this maine Secret in the Packer

I sent the King? Is there no way to care this?

No new deuice to beare this from his Braines?

I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune

Will bring me off againe. What's this? To'th' Pope?

The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse

I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:

I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,

And from that full Meridian of my Glory,

I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,

And no man see me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolke, the

Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,

Who commands you

To render vp the Great Seale presently

Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe

To Asher-houfe, my Lord of Winchester,

Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,

Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,

(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele

Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,

How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As